



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

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TINTIN and ALPH-ART



NO! NO! NOOO!

Captain!

?



Oh... Good heavens! But... Tintin...
What are you doing here?...
What a night mare!



What a horrible night mare ...
Just imagine...



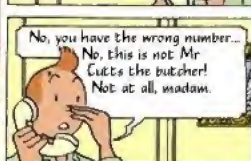
**RING
RRRING**



Hello? Yes...
No, madam...

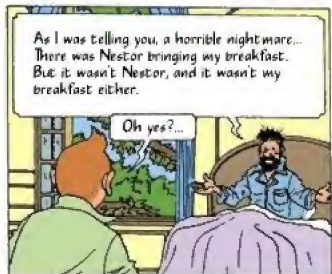


No, you have the wrong number...
No, this is not Mr
Cutts the butcher!
Not at all, madam.



As I was telling you, a horrible night mare...
There was Nestor bringing my breakfast.
But it wasn't Nestor, and it wasn't my
breakfast either.

Oh yes?...



Then suddenly...

RRRING

Again?

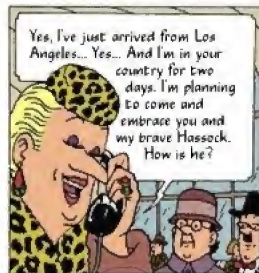


Hello? Yes... Wh-wh... what?... Who?...



NOO!

Yes, I've just arrived from Los
Angeles... Yes... And I'm in your
country for two
days. I'm planning
to come and
embrace you and
my brave Hassoek.
How is he?

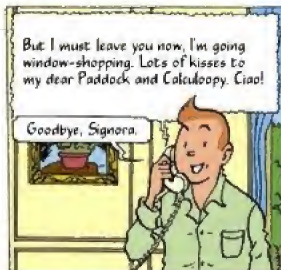
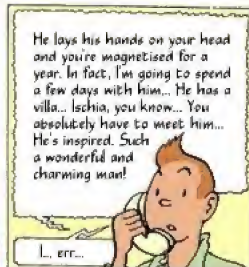
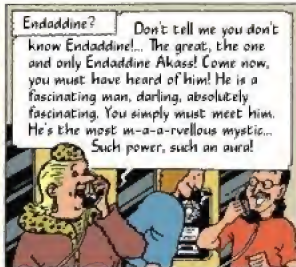


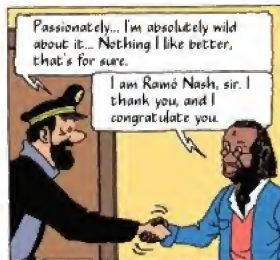
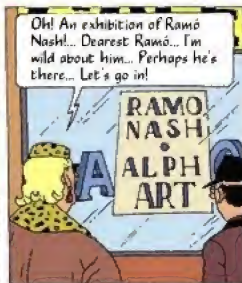
Very well, Signora, I... He's just gone
out!... He will be most upset to have
missed you...

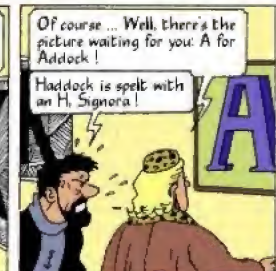
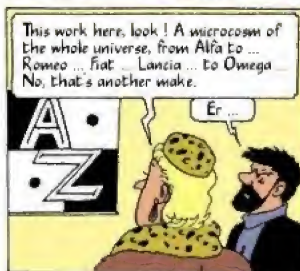
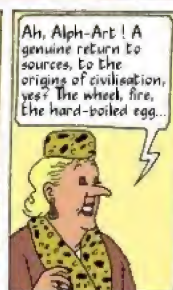
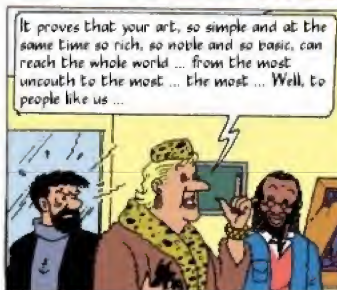
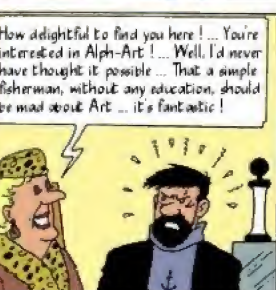


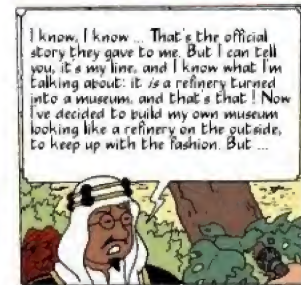
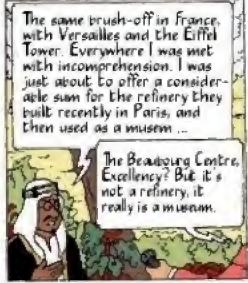
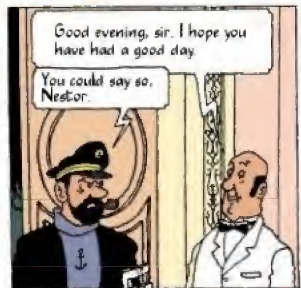
Where are you calling from?
From the airport, caro mio...













Abdullah, my darling sugar-candy duckling ... Aren't you ashamed of frightening the gentleman?



Don't scold him, Excellency. Think nothing of it. Just a little banger! Let's proceed with the interview.



Well, as I was saying, I'm going to build a museum of Art at Wadendah. I want to make Khemed into a modern country resolutely moving into the future. The plans are already drawn up.

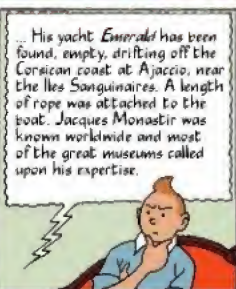
Thank you, Excellency.



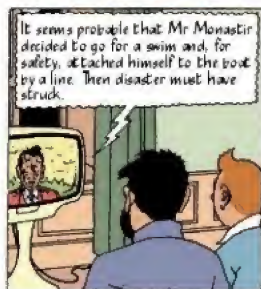
And we stay with the world of art to report that Jacques Monastir, the renowned French expert, has disappeared in dramatic circumstances. An experienced yachtsman, he left a small port in Sardinia three days ago ...



... His yacht, *Emerald* has been found, empty, drifting off the Corsican coast at Ajaccio, near the Iles Sanguinaires. A length of rope was attached to the boat. Jacques Monastir was known worldwide and most of the great museums called upon his expertise.



It seems probable that Mr Monastir decided to go for a swim and, for safety, attached himself to the boat by a line. Then disaster must have struck.



Talking of experts, I met a Mr Fourcart who told me he had something interesting to say to you. He'll ring you up some time.

Oh yes? ... Are you getting interested in art, Captain?



Er ... yes ... I mean ... I've got something to show you ...



The Captain interested in art? He never fails to surprise me!



There!

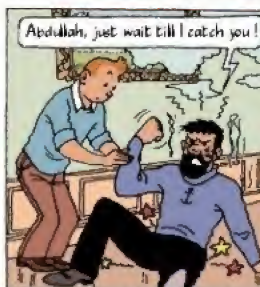


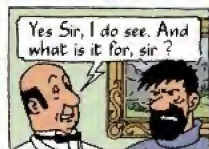
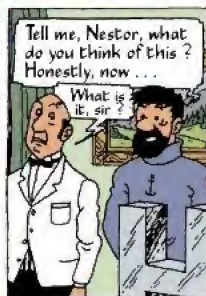
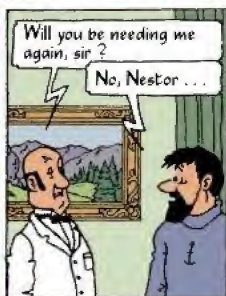
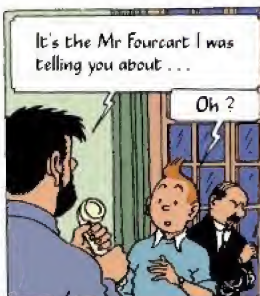
Whatever's that?

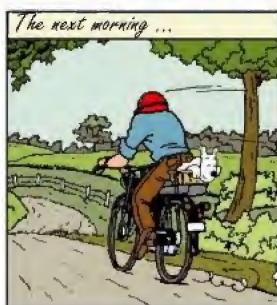
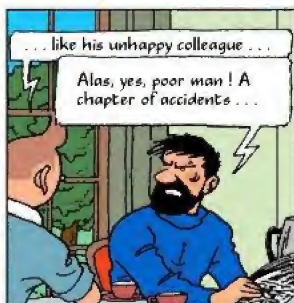
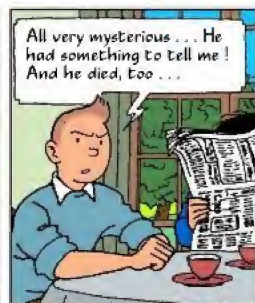
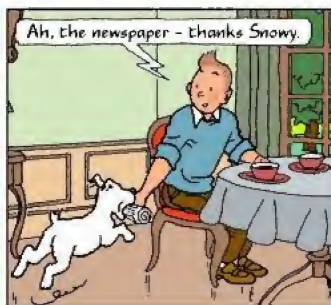






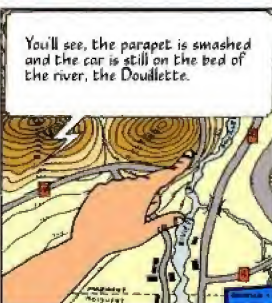
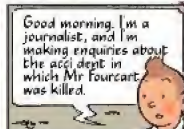








GARAGE DE L'AVENIR





A long straight bit! ...
Go on, put your foot down!



Look at that! A tractor
pulling out! The idiot!



And he's passed it on his scooter ...



Hell's teeth! And now
there are cars coming
the other way!



Now overtake that tractor!
That's it! ... Now go! There,
that's him ... step on it!



Nothing's in sight ...



... now's our chance!

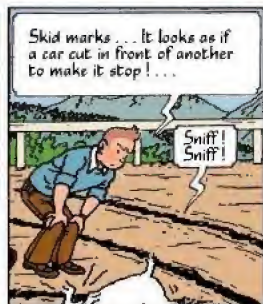


Confound it! Slow down!
The police are controlling
traffic.



Good, there's nothing else in sight.
This time, get him!





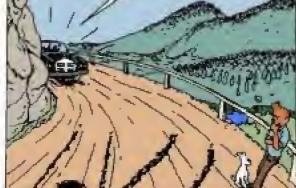
Let's see ... the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time ... And if someone forced fourcart to stop ...



... Then it really was murder ... And the other accident, to Monastir, was murder as well ...



There he is! ... This time, don't miss! ...



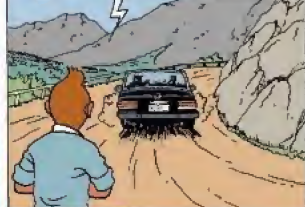
Stop here and reverse back ... This has taken too long already! It needs to be finished now!

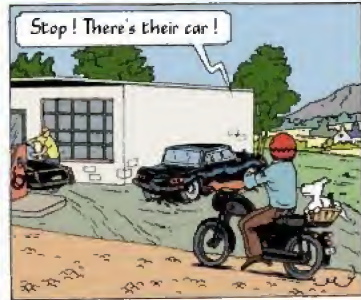
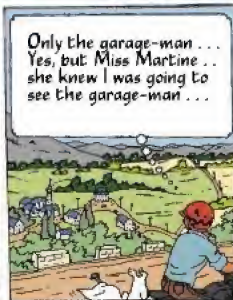


This time he won't escape ... and too bad it won't look like an accident!



That's dangerous! Reversing in a place like this! ...







I really thought someone was shooting at us!

We looked pretty silly, you know...



Excuse me, but d'you know where the people from that Mercedes have gone?

That's just what we'd like to know ourselves! They arrived here and stole my car whilst I was filling up!...



We're waiting for the police... Are you looking for them too?

I'll say so! They tried to kill me!



Ah, here come the police!



Half an hour later...

You keep a lookout behind us, Snowy! If you see anything unusual, bark...



Now, off to Marlinspike. It won't be easy to explain all this to the Captain.



Honestly, Tintin! What you're telling me can't be true!... It's like a cheap thriller...

Nevertheless, it is absolute fact...



And one thing seems fairly obvious to me: Fourcart's assistant tipped off the gangsters. She was the only one who knew I was going to see Fleur-otte at the garage. Tomorrow I shall be paying a visit to that young lady...

I'll go with you, Tintin. You never know...

The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,
Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more
convinced that Mr Fourcart's
death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you
really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that
yesterday, someone tried to kill
me too.

What did you say?
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,
one single person knew that I
was going to see Fleurotte at
the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know
who that person is?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande
... And that
person is ...

Yes?

YOU!

Me?

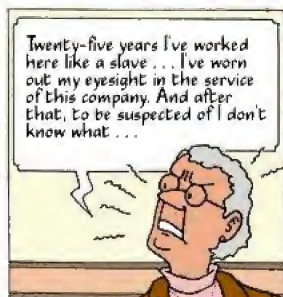
Yes, you! ... Who did you tell
I was going to Leignault?

But ... but I told no one,
I swear to you! ...

It's dreadful! ... You dare to
suspect me ... Me who ... Me
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

She seems sincere, this girl ...
But who, then? ... Who? ...
I wonder ... Who? ...
Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't
we think of it before?



There, there! Don't cry any more! ...
I've thought of something. What if
there are microphones hidden some-
where in the office? Bugs which
record all conversations?

But why? ...
Whatever for?

I don't know any more
than you, but we'll look
all the same ...

Young Sherlock Holmes is
taking his time.

Half an hour later ...

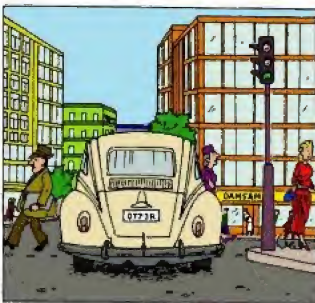
FOURCAR Ah, there he is.

Well? ...

Nothing! ... I don't
understand it at all.

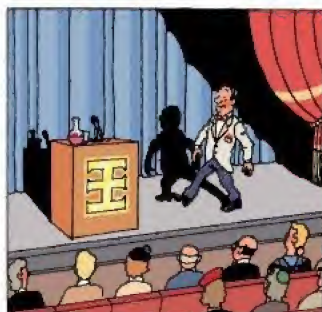
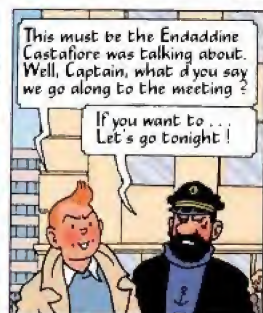
Good. We'll go home.

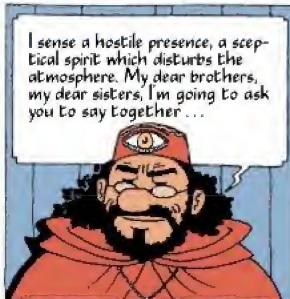
Alright.

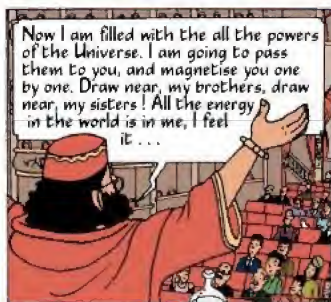
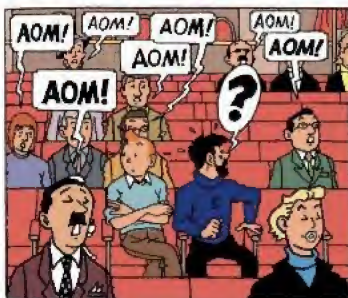


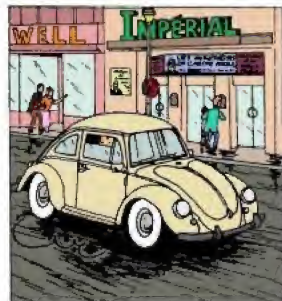
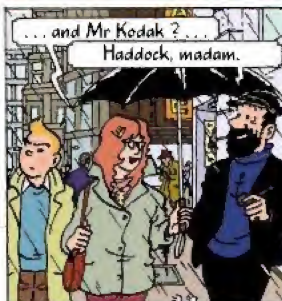
Stop, Captain! Stop!

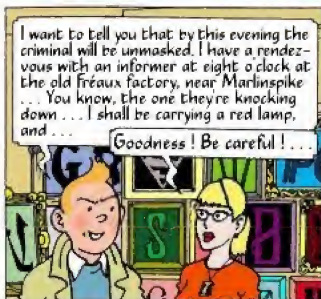
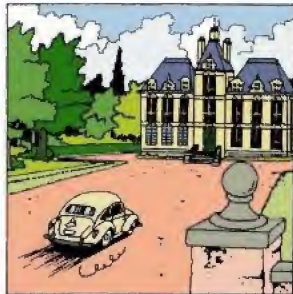


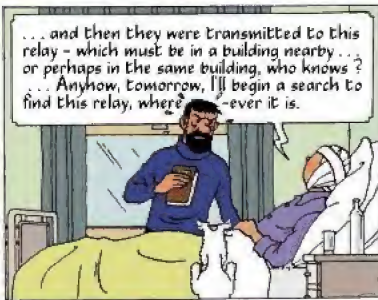






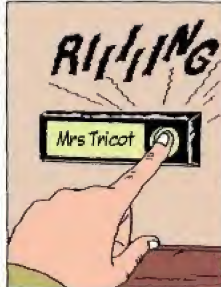








We'll start with the other tenants ...



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?

Come in, come in, young man!



Nothing there, I think ...



A little later ...

Now for the next flat ... patience, Snowy!



Er ... What d'you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir ... About ...



I don't have an opinion. Not on anything! ... Now leave me alone!



Where have I seen him before? ...



Oh yes! At that Endaddine Akass meeting ... One of the master's assistants ...



I wonder if he recognised me ... In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone ...



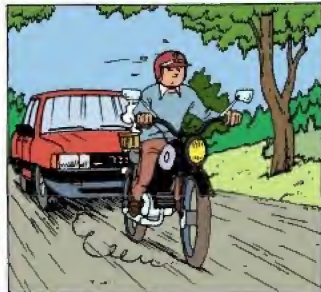
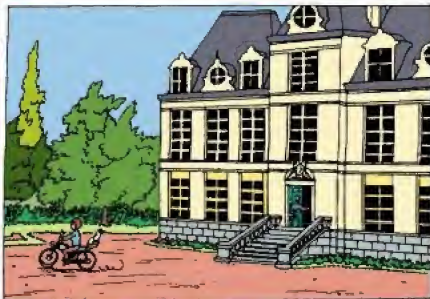
He certainly suspects something ... He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey ... I understand ... We'll take care of him ... Yes, properly this time.

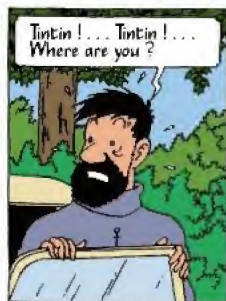
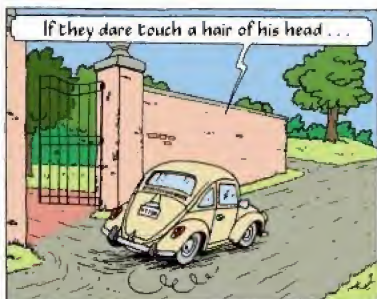
TO BE CONTINUED ...

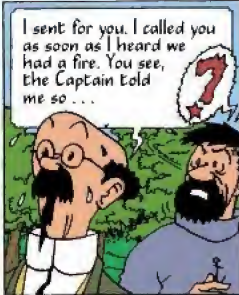
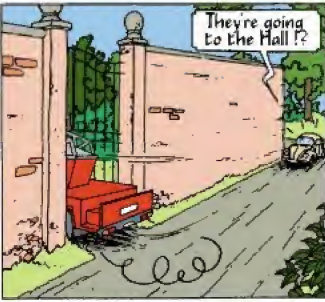
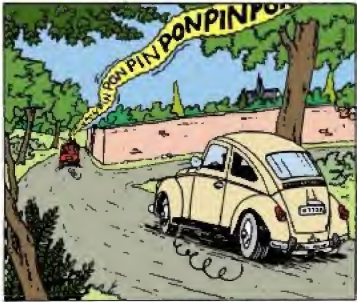
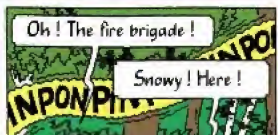
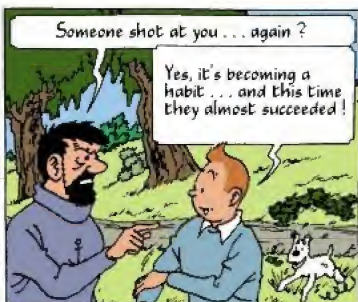
The next morning ...

Take care ! ... You never know, with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm only going into the village.







But who is trying to get rid of you?
And why? ...

That's what I'm
wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around
that Endaddine Akass. He planted
that jewel-microphone-transmitter
on Miss Martine ... What for, if it
wasn't to spy on fourcart?

But it was you that
definitely told me we had
a fire!



We must find out more
about this mystic ...

Yes, but where
can we find the
overdressed
windbag?



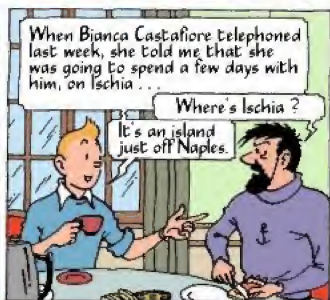
Yes, where?



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned
last week, she told me that she
was going to spend a few days with
him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia?

It's an island
just off Naples.



I've got it!



The next day, at dawn ...



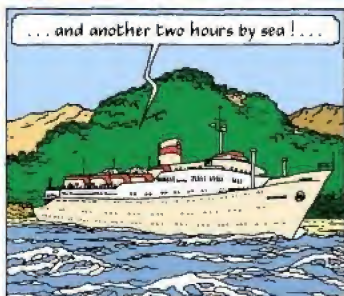
10.30am, at Naples airport ...



This is sheer, deliberate,
unqualified masochism.
To come 2000
kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea! ...



... All to find Castafiore! ...
We must be stark raving mad!

Taxi!

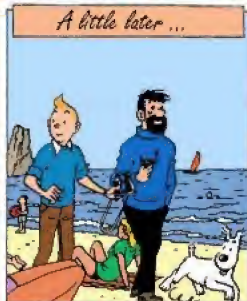
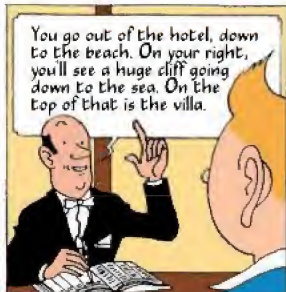


Here we are.



?





Ramo Nash!

Ramo Nash?



Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought ...

Oh yes ...



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling ... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!

Back at the hotel ...

Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas ... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you.



Goodnight, lad.

Night, Captain, until later ...



What a marvellous view!



RRRIING



The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already? ...

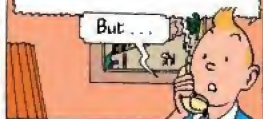


Hello ... Yes ... Yes, it is ...



Listen carefully ... There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it ... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.

But ...



Crumbs! ...



I'd better discuss this with the Captain ...



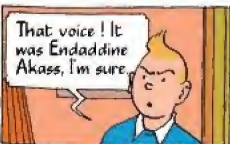
**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?



That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.



The door's not locked!
I don't like this one bit.

122

122

Captain !!! ... Captain !!! ... In
Heaven's name, say something !...

What ? Can't I sleep now ?
Phew ! That's all !

No, you can't sleep now. I've
got some news. I've just
received an anonymous tele-
phone call. Someone stongly
advises us to leave here, and
fast ...

But who knows we're
here ?

I've no idea,
but news can
travel very
quickly on an
island.

The one thing we must
avoid at all costs is for
Castafiore to find out that
we're here ! ...



Hello ... Yes ... Who ?

It's HER!
CASTAFIORE !

My dear friend ... but
how did you know that
we were here ... ?

You old slyboots ! Irma
recognised you ! She was
taking a walk ... You
absolutely have to come
here, Captain Karlock ...
The Master is
ado-o-o-rable.

I ... I'm sure ... But ... No, it's
impossible, we have to ... Yes ...
yes ... yes ... I promise ...

We have been officially invited,
tomorrow afternoon, to see the
Master, Endaddine Akass ...

That alters everything !

Next morning ...



Yes ? ... What do you want ?



Yes, OK. Go in ! ...



Too kind !



My friends ! ... My dear, dear friends, carissimi ...



Come, I simply must introduce you to everyone ...

Yes, but I ...



Darling, let me present Skipper Drydock, one of my closest friends ... a real old sea-dog. This is Angelina Sordi ...

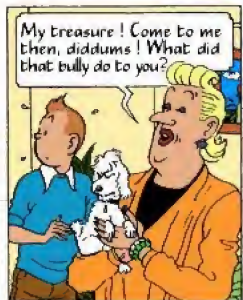


Madam, I am honoured ...



My dear friend, how could you have guessed that a simple seaman knew how to kiss hands ?





(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear



TU-WHOOO



?

Oh! It's only a night-owl!



SLAM

But... that's a door slamming...



And there's a truck down there, and some men...



It looks like they're loading pictures... or canvasses... But why do it in the dead of night?



Come on, Snowy, we're going for a little look around the house.



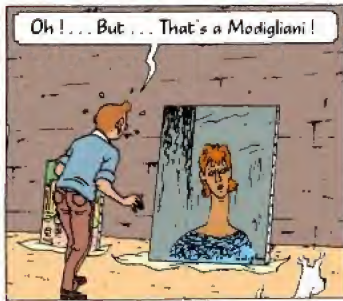
Let's try in the cellar...



Ah, here it is...



Oh!... But... That's a Modigliani!



And here's a Léger... a Renoir... a Picasso...

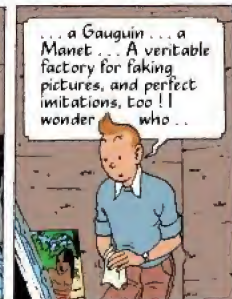


It's still wet...

... a Gauguin... a Manet... A veritable factory for faking pictures, and perfect imitations, too!! wonder... who...



Beautiful, aren't they?...



Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.
But you know him!



It's our dear Ramô Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...



And this is one of his "Expansions"...



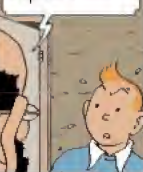
Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



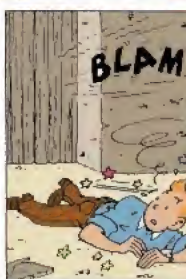
And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled Reporter...



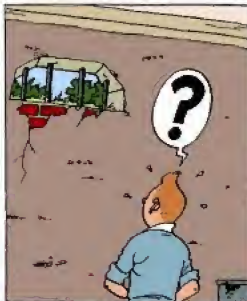
...constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.



Come on, move!
Where's Snowy?



How am I going to get myself out of this one? ...



If I move those crates and oil drums, then perhaps ...



Come on! ... Come on! ... No, it's no good - these bars are stronger than they look ... What now?



**HELP!
HELP!
RESCUE!**



**YOU
THERE!**



No use shouting, my young turkey-cock. No one can hear you.



**SCRATCH
SCRATCH**



SNOWY!

WOOAH!



Snowy, ssh! ... Wait, I'll give you a message to give to the Captain ...



There! Now, take it to the Captain! You understand?

Wooah



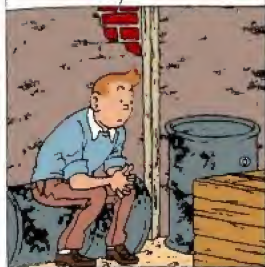
Great! Now go!



Quickly! Find the Captain!



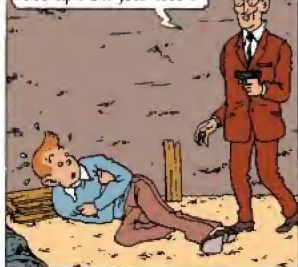
Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up ! On your feet !



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



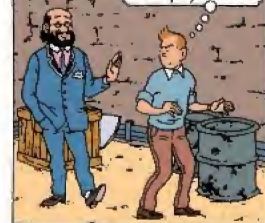
Good morning, my dear Tintin !
Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César' ...



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...
Must play for time!



But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramo Nash ? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...



Oh, no ! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ...
Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! ...



Now the formalities are over with ... get in ! Let's go !



Don't worry, you won't be burnt alive...



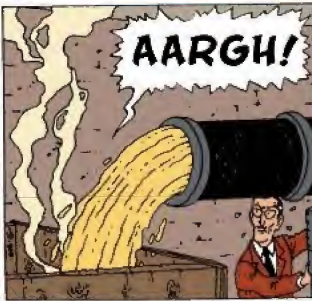
The plastic will be at the same temperature as a warm bath. A bath in which you shall drown!



BANG BANG BANG



OK! We're ready to go!



AARGH!



Finally! ... Tintin, I have beaten you! Ha! Ha!



AAAAH!



AAAAAH...

Come here!



OK, game over! ... Hands up! Now, where's Tintin?



Is that you, Captain?



Yes, it's me! I got your note and ... Hurry, help me!

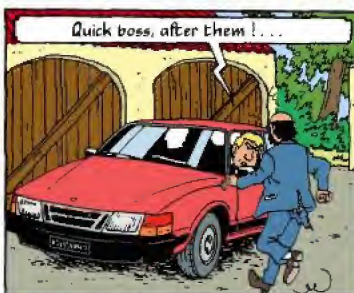
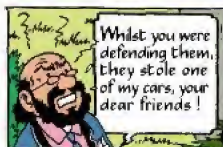
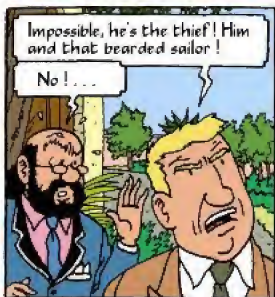


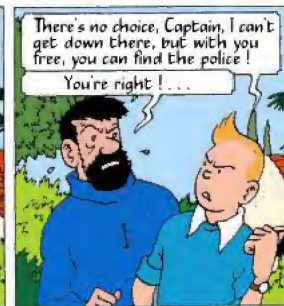
Stop the machine! Quick! ... Stop it? ... How? ...

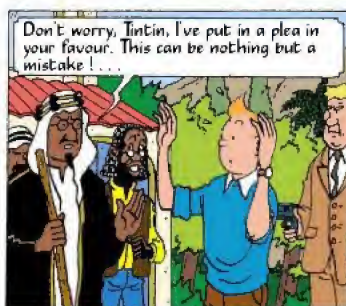
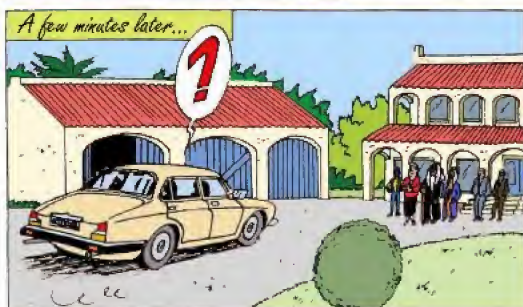












Shortly ...



Mr Akass ? Can you come with us to make a statement ?
Of course ...



You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash ?



Er ... Yes ... Just a little shopping in the village ... What can you do ? Life goes on, so they say.

Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone ... But our poor friends ...
Don't worry ...



The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock ...
May the Madonna protect them ...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin ... on his way to jail !
Revenge is sweet !
I'll drink to that !



Blistering Barnacles in jail ?



And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives !
What a waste !



I'll bet that you're not real police officers !

Oh no ! We've been demasked !



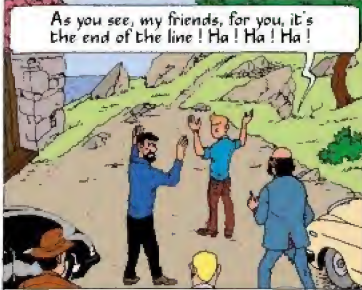
Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live ...



Here we are, everybody out.



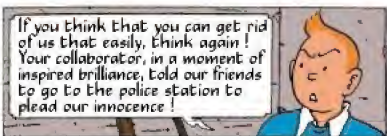
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



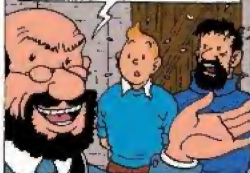
Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

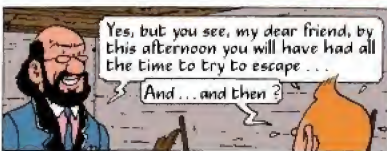


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!



Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



Tintin and Haddock...

TINTIN?!

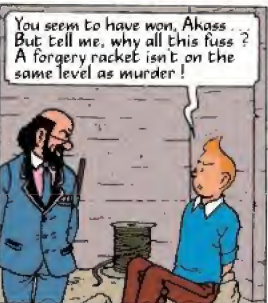


Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



NO!...



RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha! Ha!

But! ... But? ... It's impossible!
I saw you go down with your launch
in the Red Sea (1) ... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think!
But you know, we've met since that day,
although you don't remember ...

Some years ago, I organised the kid-
napping of the famous millionaire
Laszlo Carreidas, just before the
International Astronautical Congress,
to which you were invited as guests
of honour ... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the
island we were on was de-
stroyed by a volcano ... I
managed to escape, but I'm
not sure how, since at the
time of the eruption, I became
amnesic ...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica.
I was impressed by his talent. It was then
that I had the idea of dealing in forged
art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories
and I became Akass. After recrui-
ting a few men to work
for me, the project took
off very quickly ...

And Allan, the fresh-
water pirate? Is he not
with you? ... Or is he
disguised as one of these
gorillas?

Allan? That idiot
refused to help!
He's in the United
States now, after
some peace and
quiet ...

Meanwhile, in the United States ...

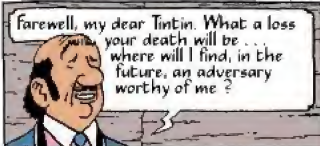


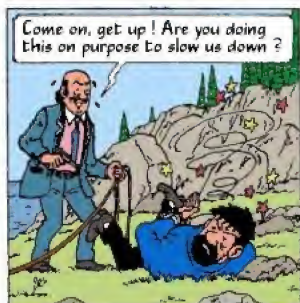
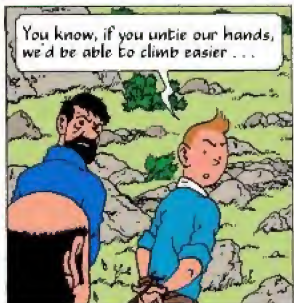
And how did you persuade
an artist like Nash to ...
You ask too many ques-
tions, young man!

But I'm not a fool, all these
questions are just a ruse to
gain some time, aren't they?
Well, game over, my friend!

We've wasted enough time! Finish them!
With pleasure, boss! ...

(1) See: The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See: Flight 714





I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



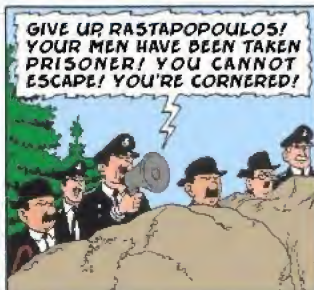
Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!
Ssh! Captain!

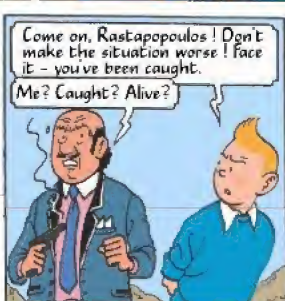


**GIVE UP RASTAPOPOULOS!
YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN
PRISONER! YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!**



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!

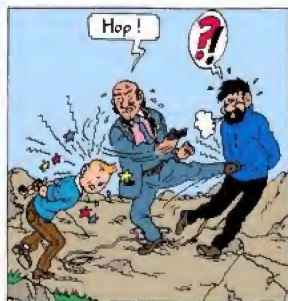
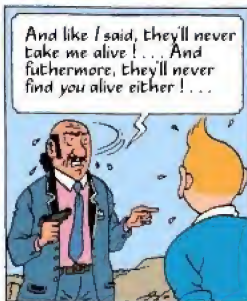
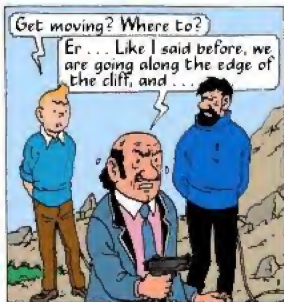
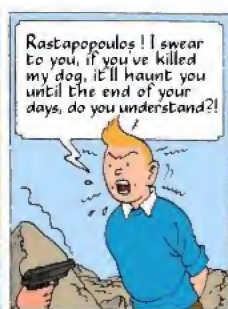


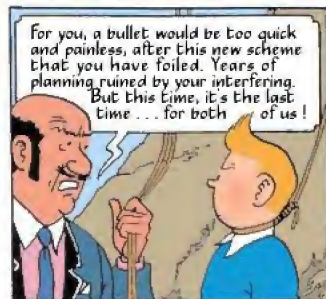
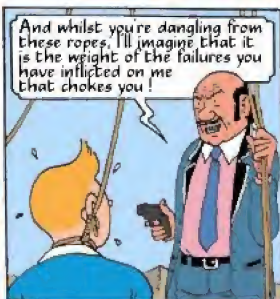
**OK! GO AHEAD!
WE WON'T FOLLOW!**

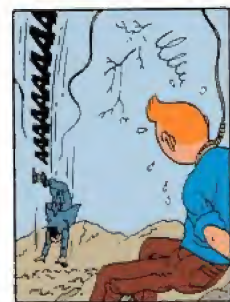


Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?









And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



Phew! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape... no, a narrow...

Definitely!... But how did you find us here, in Ischia?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings... We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

Ah?...



Come on, we'd better go down and find the...

...the bandit.

That's right.



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station... he told us of your bizarre arrest... then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash... er...



Nash... But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.



Isn't that right, Mr Nash?
Er... that's right...



But I'm not a bad man!
I... When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving!



... then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition!



And all I did was paint canvases in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that...



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah! There! I... I think I see him.



Is... is he...?



Yes... dead.
God rest his soul!



Alph-Art in AD

Shanghai, where staying with the End

Class & Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

MASTHEAD: TALENTED PRODIGE
 Robert Rastapopoulos, who the entire world has known since the "Part Two" affair, as it was called, and who has been the private advisor to the king and the queen of Soudan since the day of the false marriage, has been the subject of a new and plastic surgery. The artist, who has been the cover for a new artist's bookstore, has a new identity as a great work of art.

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Art in Khemed

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The reporter Tintin foils an international

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Two days later...

By thunder! More journalists!

Look here, Mr Tintin! Here

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...

Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.

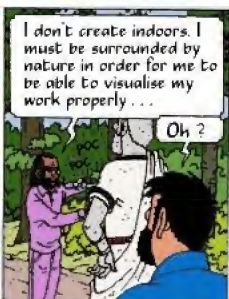
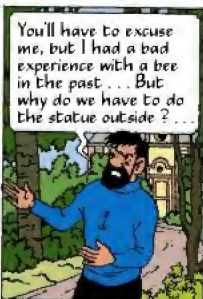
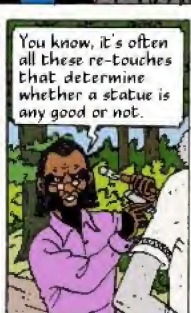
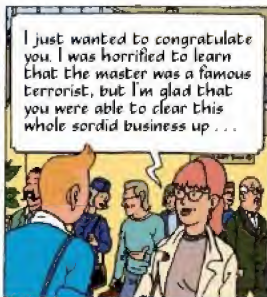
Do you plan to stay there?

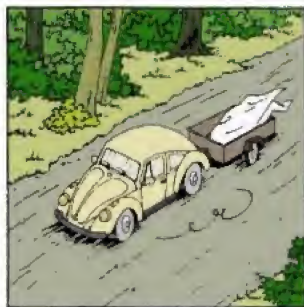
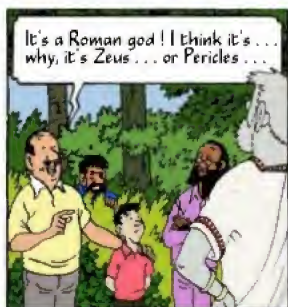
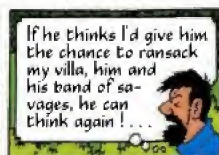
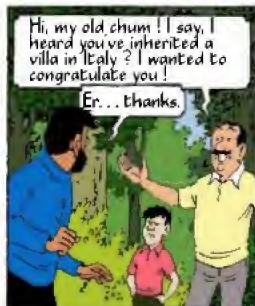
Blistering barnacles! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!

Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.

Mr Tintin ...



















TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.